



In This Issue:

THE RAIN OF TERROR!

NO 4

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Jet Powers



WHEN THE DOOM DUST^o SWIRLED AROUND THE EARTH AS IT WHIRLED THROUGH SPACE, THEN FLED THE HILLS AND VALLEYS OF THE WORLD BEFORE JET POWERS' ANTI-GRAVITIC BEAMERS, IT LEFT A WORLD IN RUIN BEHIND IT.

MACHINES RUNNING WILD, UNCONTROLLED FIRES GUTTING TOWNS AND CITIES, WITH THE STRONG TAKING OVER TO CONTROL THE WEAK! ANARCHY! CIVIL WARFARE! LOOTING! MURDER! DEATH ON ALL SIDES... AND THE WORST OF ALL WAS THE FIERY HORROR THAT MEN CAME TO KNOW AS —

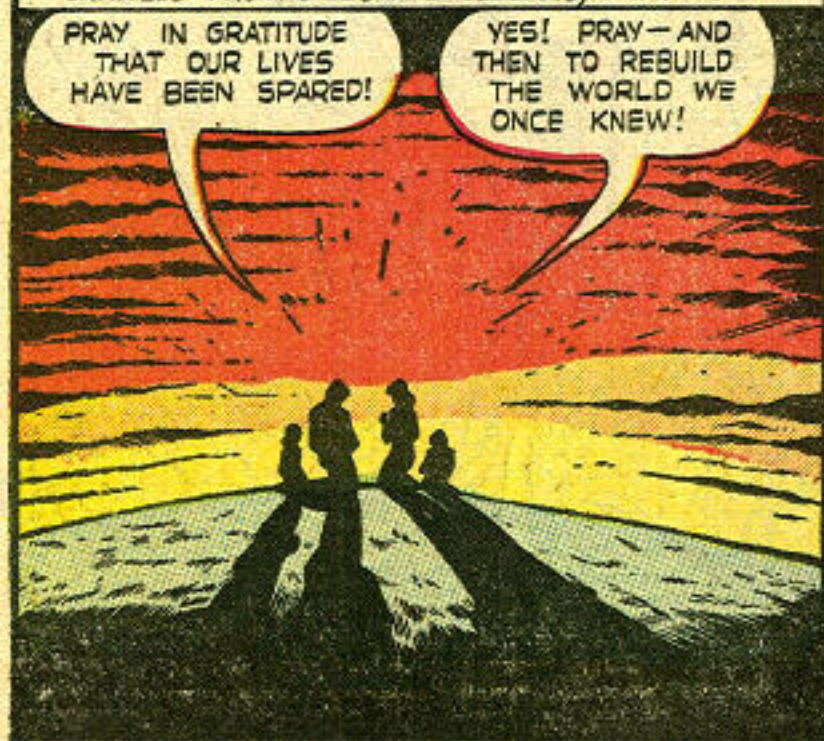
“The **RAIN OF TERROR!**”

^oED. NOTE: IN ISSUE #3 OF JET.

AS THE DUST DOOM ROSE FROM THE EARTH, PEOPLE CRAWLED FROM CAVES AND CELLARS, PRAYING...

PRAY IN GRATITUDE THAT OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN SPARED!

YES! PRAY—AND THEN TO REBUILD THE WORLD WE ONCE KNEW!



BUT THERE ARE OTHERS WHO DO NOT PRAY! INSTEAD, THEIR HEARTS ARE LIGHTED WITH AN EVIL FIRE, AND THE GREEN DEVIL OF GREED DANCES IN THEIR EYES!

THERE IT IS, GENERAL—THE WHOLE WORLD. ALL OURS!

MY DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE ARMY WAS NOT MADE PUBLIC! I CAN STILL COMMAND MEN. MANY MEN! MEN TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY!



THE GENERAL ACTS SWIFTLY! WITH CAVALRY UNITS HE RAIDS THE TOWNS AND VILLAGES...

ALL THE EQUIPMENT YOU CAN LAY HANDS ON! PUT IT IN THE WAGONS!

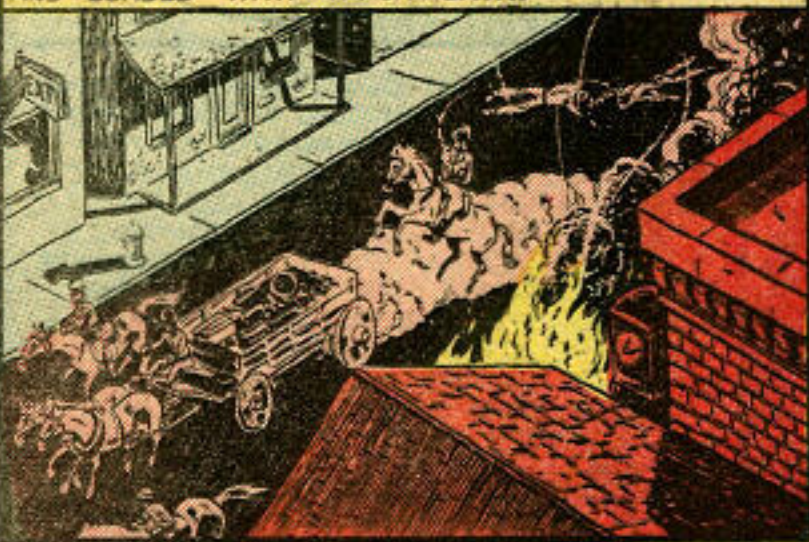


YOU FOOLS! JOIN ME INSTEAD OF FIGHTING ME! I'M GOING TO BUILD AN EMPIRE!

WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND OF EMPIRE HERE — NOT EVER!



DEATH STALKS THE STREETS WHERE THE GENERAL STOPS... AND ALWAYS, AS HE GOES, HIS WAGONS ARE LOADED WITH MACHINERY...



IN NEW WASHINGTON, THE TORCH-SINGER WHO BECAME KNOWN AS THE RED QUEEN, RULES IN THE TORTURE DUNGEONS...

NO MORE... NO MORE! I'LL TALK! WE BURIED THE AMMUNITION AND GUNS IN A RUST-PROOF VAULT WHEN THE DUST HIT US...



WE HAVE BETTER WEAPONS AND GUNS NOW! MORE AND MORE MEN ARE JOINING US — TO HELP US RULE! SOON YOU WILL BE KING — AND I'LL BE QUEEN OF AMERICA!



IN CHICAGO, BOSTON AND NEW YORK, THE GENERAL'S OFFICERS RULE WITH IRON HANDS...

SHE HAS A CELLAR FULL OF CANNED FOODS! WINES! AND A DOZEN OVENS TO BAKE BREAD!

I RUN A RESTAURANT...



TO THE FIRING SQUADS WITH HER! SHE IS A TRAITOR TO THE NEW ORDER!

MERCY... MERCY...!



THE ORDER IS—DEATH
TO ALL IN THIS
VILLAGE!

PUMP
THE LEAD
TO 'EM!

STAND FIRM!
FIGHT FOR OUR
HOMES!

WE'LL FIGHT
UNTIL WE DIE!

FLEE!

GENERAL
STONE

MEN WITH PITCHFORKS CANNOT
STAND AGAINST BULLETS! SOON
THE VILLAGE STREETS RUN RED...

BUT ONE MAN FROM
THE LITTLE TOWN OF
LOCUST HILL IS NOT DEAD...

GOT TO... FIND HELP!
SOMEWHERE IN THIS
LAND THERE MUST BE A
SOMEBODY...TO HELP US...

I'M DYING... DELIRIOUS!
I'M SEEING THINGS—
FLYING SAUCERS!



HAVE COURAGE!
HELP WILL BE HERE
SHORTLY! DON'T
DESPAIR... DON'T
DESPAIR...

HELP?
BLESSED
WORD! BUT
WHAT CAN
ANYONE

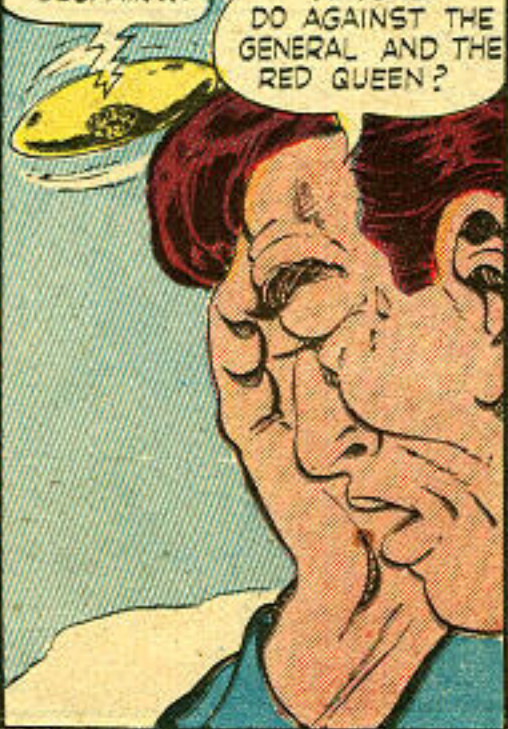
DO AGAINST THE
GENERAL AND THE
RED QUEEN?

MORE THAN A THOUSAND MILES
AWAY, IN JET POWERS' MESA
LABORATORY, YOUNG JIMMY CLIFFORD
WHO WAS SAVED BY JET FROM THE
DOOM DUST, CRIES OUT HARSHLY...

JET! LOOK! A WOUNDED
MAN WHOSE VILLAGE WAS
ATTACKED BY A MAN CALLED
THE GENERAL! HE SAYS THE
GENERAL HAS TAKEN OVER
THE COUNTRY!

THEN THE RUMORS
WE'VE BEEN PICKING
UP ARE TRUE! —
PEOPLE TRYING TO
REBUILD—KILLED OR
FORCED INTO SLAVERY
BY A MAN AND A
WOMAN!

BUT —
BUT
WHAT
CAN YOU
DO, JET?
YOU'RE
ONLY
ONE
MAN!





BUT WHAT A MAN, JIMMY!

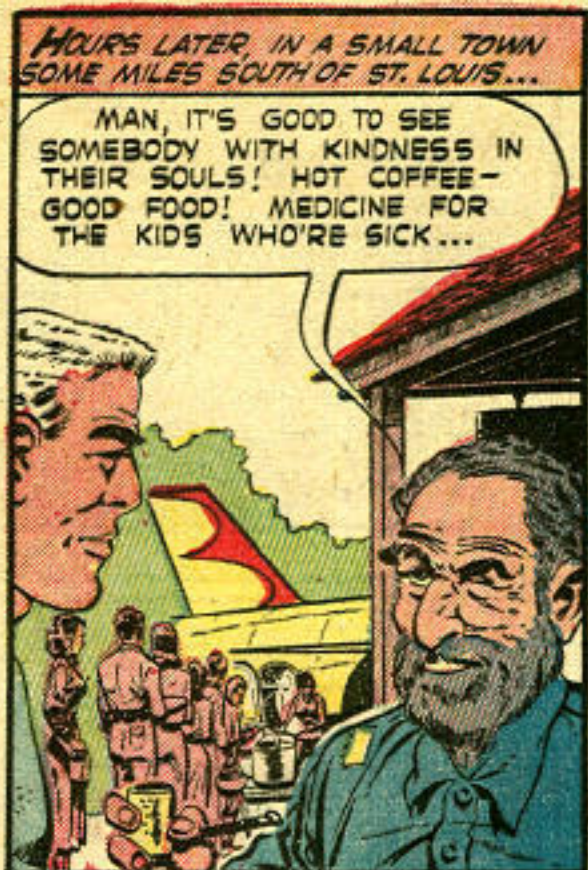
YEAH—I KNOW, SU SHAN. BUT AFTER ALL... EVEN JET...

COME ON, YOU TWO! TIME TO WORK! I'VE AN IDEA IN MIND—LET'S TRY IT OUT!



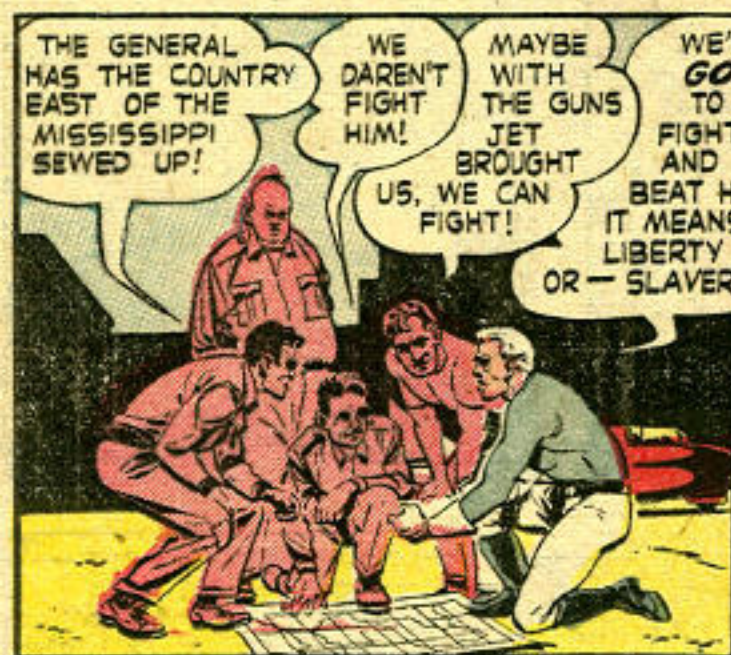
AND SOON, JET'S AEROCAR RISES FROM THE MESATOR..

WE'LL BRING ALONG THE RADIO-CONTROLLED CARRY-CARS, LOADED WITH FOOD, MEDICINE AND GUNS!



HOURS LATER, IN A SMALL TOWN SOME MILES SOUTH OF ST. LOUIS...

MAN, IT'S GOOD TO SEE SOMEBODY WITH KINDNESS IN THEIR SOULS! HOT COFFEE—GOOD FOOD! MEDICINE FOR THE KIDS WHO'RE SICK...



THE GENERAL HAS THE COUNTRY EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI SEWED UP!

WE DAREN'T FIGHT HIM!

MAYBE WITH THE GUNS JET BROUGHT US, WE CAN FIGHT!

WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT—AND BEAT HIM! IT MEANS LIBERTY OR—SLAVERY!



IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOW, NEW HOPE COMES TO MEN WHOSE EYES ARE DULL WITH CRUSHED SPIRITS... THEY RAID THE GENERAL'S FOOD BINS...

OUR WIVES AND MOTHERS AND CHILDREN NEED THAT FOOD!

DEATH TO THE GENERAL'S KILLERS!



IN NEW WASHINGTON—RAIDS! ATTACKS! REBELLION ALL ALONG THE LINE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT—BUT WHAT?

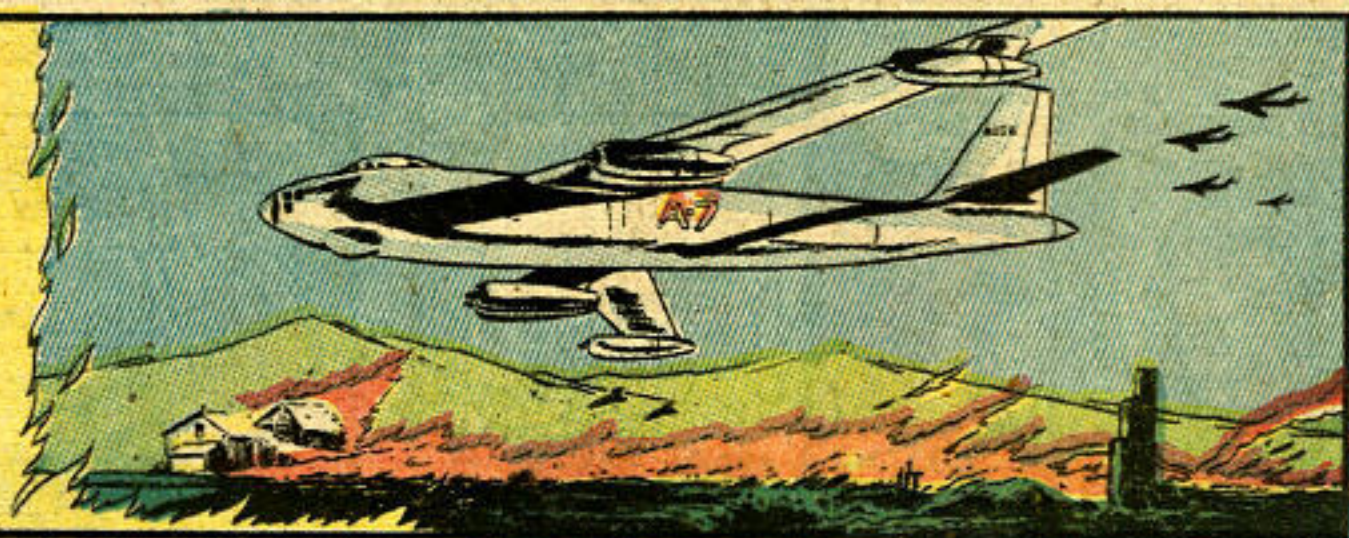
RELAX, DARLING! I'VE TAKEN CARE OF EVERYTHING!



WE'VE FITTED OUT AIRPLANES! I'VE LOADED THEM WITH SOMETHING THAT WILL BRING THE PEOPLE FLOCKING BACK TO YOU IN MAD FEAR!

YOU LOADED THEM—WITH WHAT?

HALF A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, THE FIRST OF THE SOON-TO-BE DREADED NAPALM BOMBS HITS THE EARTH AND RUNS ALONG IT AS IF ALIVE...



HOMES, STORAGE BINS WITH PRECIOUS FOOD AND FARM TOOLS — GO UP IN THE FLAMING HOLOCAUST...

NOTHING CAN BEAT THE GENERAL!

HIS RAIN OF FIRE IS AWFUL!



THROUGH NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES, THE NAPALM IS SET ABLAZE IN THE AIR — AND FIRE ITSELF RAINS DOWN!

DON'T GET HIT WITH THEM — YOU'LL BURN TO DEATH!



THIS IS THE TENTH TOWN WE'VE BURNED OUT OF EXISTENCE!

WE'VE CRUSHED THIS REBELLION THOROUGHLY. THERE'LL BE NO OTHERS!



AT THAT INSTANT, A THOUSAND MILES AWAY...

GENTLEMEN, I'VE HAD YOU FLOWN TO MY LABORATORY TO TELL YOU THE GOOD NEWS. WITHIN TWO MONTHS THE GENERAL WILL BE CONQUERED!

YOU'VE DISCOVERED A NEW WEAPON!



NO, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE NO WEAPON! AND YET — WE WILL CONQUER THE GENERAL AND HIS HORDES — WITHOUT LOSING A SINGLE LIFE!



HE'S NUTS! THE GENERAL CRAZY HAS AIRPLANES — TANKS! HOW CAN WE BEAT HIM — WITHOUT A WEAPON?

COME ON — LET'S GET OUT OF THIS MADHOUSE!



BEFORE YOU GO, GENTLEMEN—ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE!

WHAT'S THAT? PERFUME? NOW I KNOW HE'S CRAZY!

BUT THREE HOURS LATER, AFTER JET HAS DEMONSTRATED HIS PLAN...

JET—WE APOLOGIZE!

GENIUS! THAT SPRAY WILL WORK A MIRACLE!

MAN, YOU'RE A

NO MORE GOOD AMERICANS WILL DIE ON ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL!

AND BEST OF ALL—

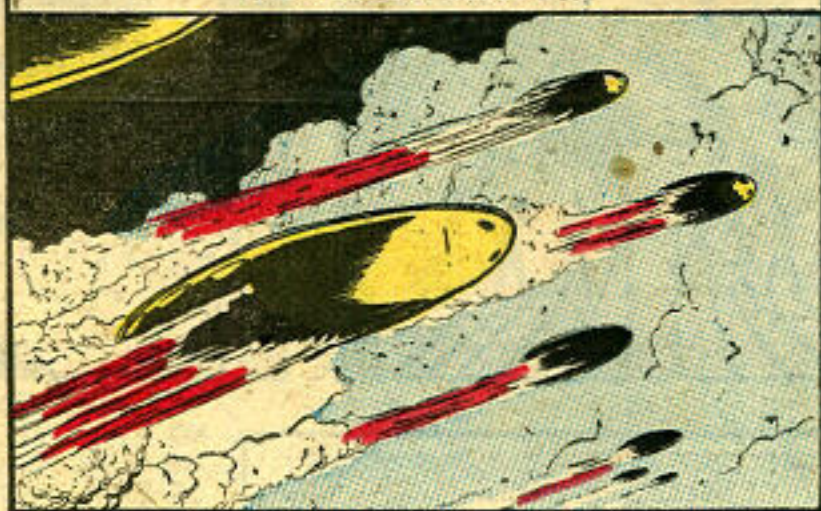
BEFORE DUSK FALLS ACROSS THE PRAIRIE, HUNDREDS OF FLYING DISCS WHIRL UPWARDS FROM THE MESATOR...

SU SHAN AND JIMMY AND I CONVERTED THOSE FLYING DISCS INTO DRY-ICE CARRIERS!



THE DRY ICE IS MIXED WITH HYPERBARBITURAL CRYSTALS! THE BARBITURAL CRYSTALS ARE ADDED TO THE DRY ICE IN SUCH AMOUNTS THAT THEY READILY MIX IN AN EASILY SOLUBLE RATIO!

HIGH OVER THE EASTERN SEABOARD, THE DISCS FIRE THEIR PREPARED ICE PELLETS INTO THE CLOUDS, HUNDREDS—THEN THOUSANDS OF TABLETS BOMBARD THE FLEECY CLOUDS...



SOON A GENTLE RAIN BEGINS TO FALL, AS THE DRY ICE AND SILVER IODIDE SMOKE MIX WITH THE CUMULUS CLOUDS. FOR DAYS THE RAIN BEATS DOWN...

BEEN RAINING STEADY NOW FOR TEN DAYS!

NEVER SEEMS TO LET UP! WORST OF IT IS—I'M SO SLEEPY ALL THE TIME! I CAN'T SEEM TO STAY AWAKE!

AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE LIBERTY ARMY...

REPORTS COMING IN ARE ALL FAVORABLE. LET'S MOVE ON—TO NEW WASHINGTON!



WITH A DEEP-THROATED ROAR, MECHANICS AND FARMERS, TRADESMEN AND DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND ARTISTS, MARCH TO FIGHT ONCE AGAIN FOR THE LIBERTY THAT HAS BEEN DENIED THEM!

FORWARD—
FOR LIBERTY!

AY!
FORWARD!



THE SLEEP-RAIN HAS OVERCOME THEM, AS IT WILL HAVE OVERCOME OTHERS OF THE GENERAL'S ARMIES ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD! DISARM THEM!

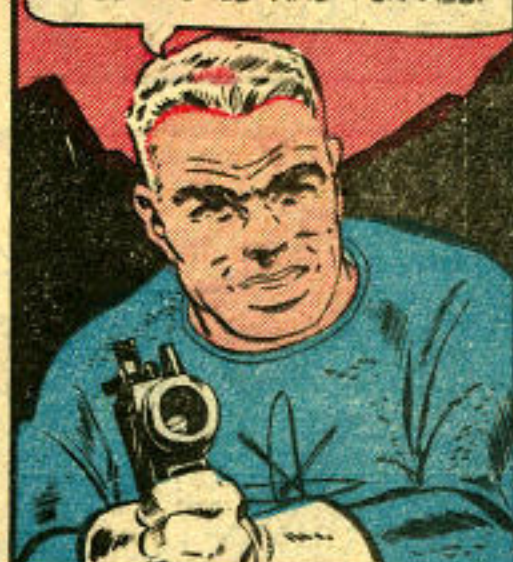


YOU MECHANICS—THOSE WHO CAN RUN A TANK—HOP IN! WE'LL ADD TO OUR ARMY WITH TANKS AND PLANES. AND NOW—FORWARD ONCE AGAIN!



THERE IS SOME RESISTANCE TO JET'S HETEROGENOUS ARMY...

YIELD, YOU WHO WEAR THE GENERAL'S COLORS! THIS IS THE ARMY OF LIBERATION! WE'VE COME TO SET MEN FREE—ONCE AND FOR ALL!



BUT IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, THE BARBITURAL-SOAKED SOLDIERS COLLAPSE IN SLEEP...

THEY SLEEP! DO NOT KILL THEM—MERELY REMOVE THEIR WEAPONS!



IN NEW WASHINGTON...

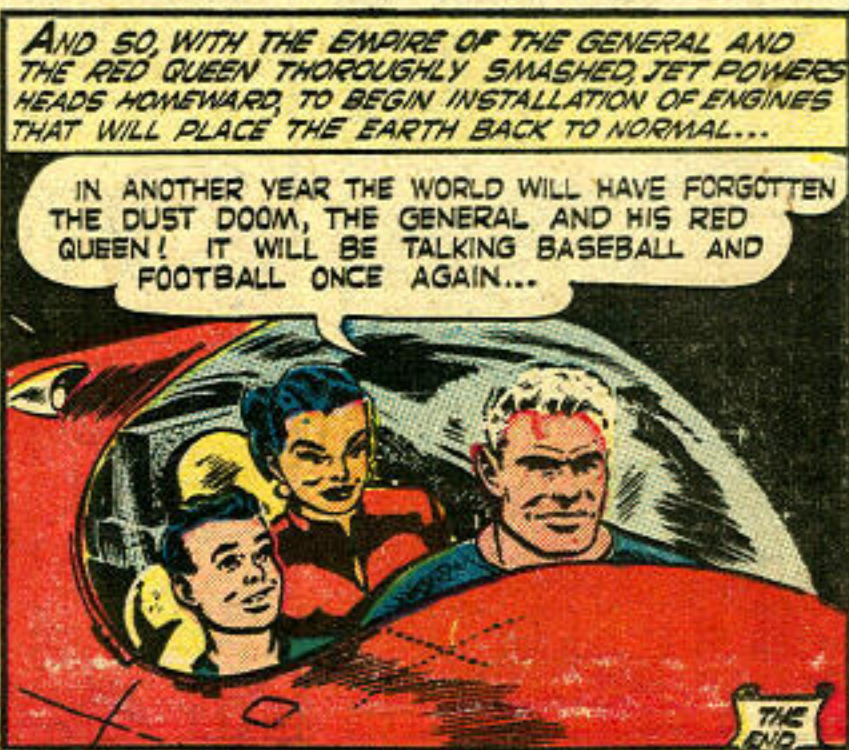
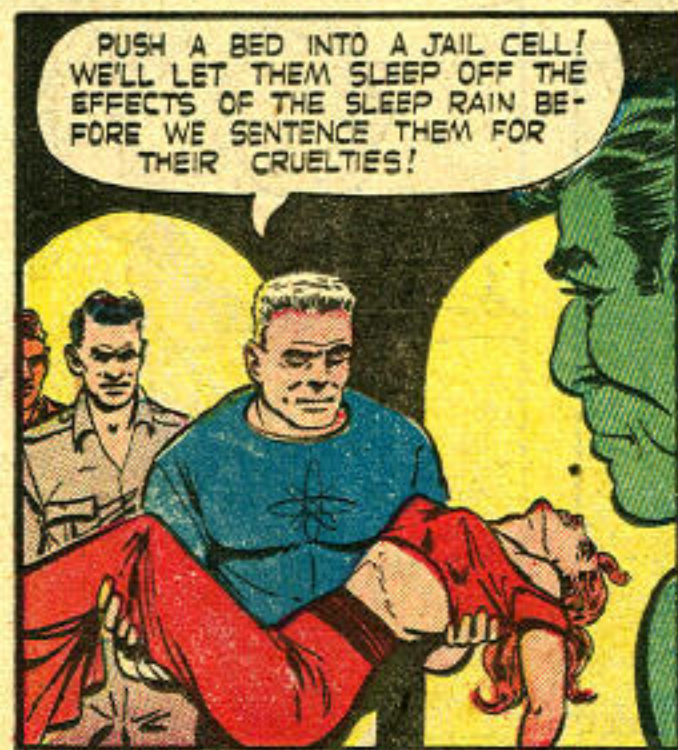
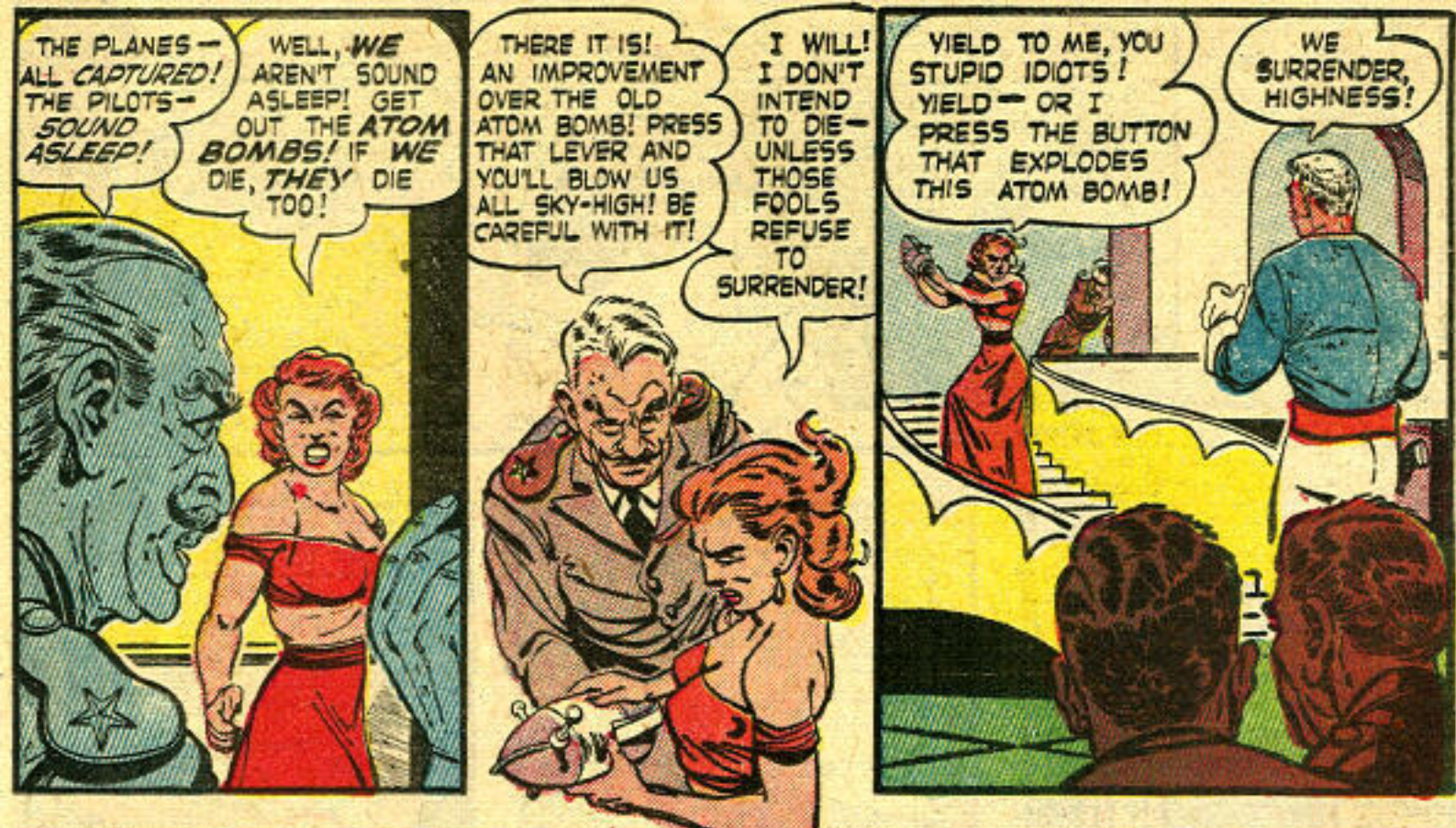
THEY'RE COMING! MARCHING ON NEW WASHINGTON—WITH GUNS AND TANKS! DO SOMETHING! DO SOMETHING!

SHUT UP YOU FOOL! LET ME THINK!

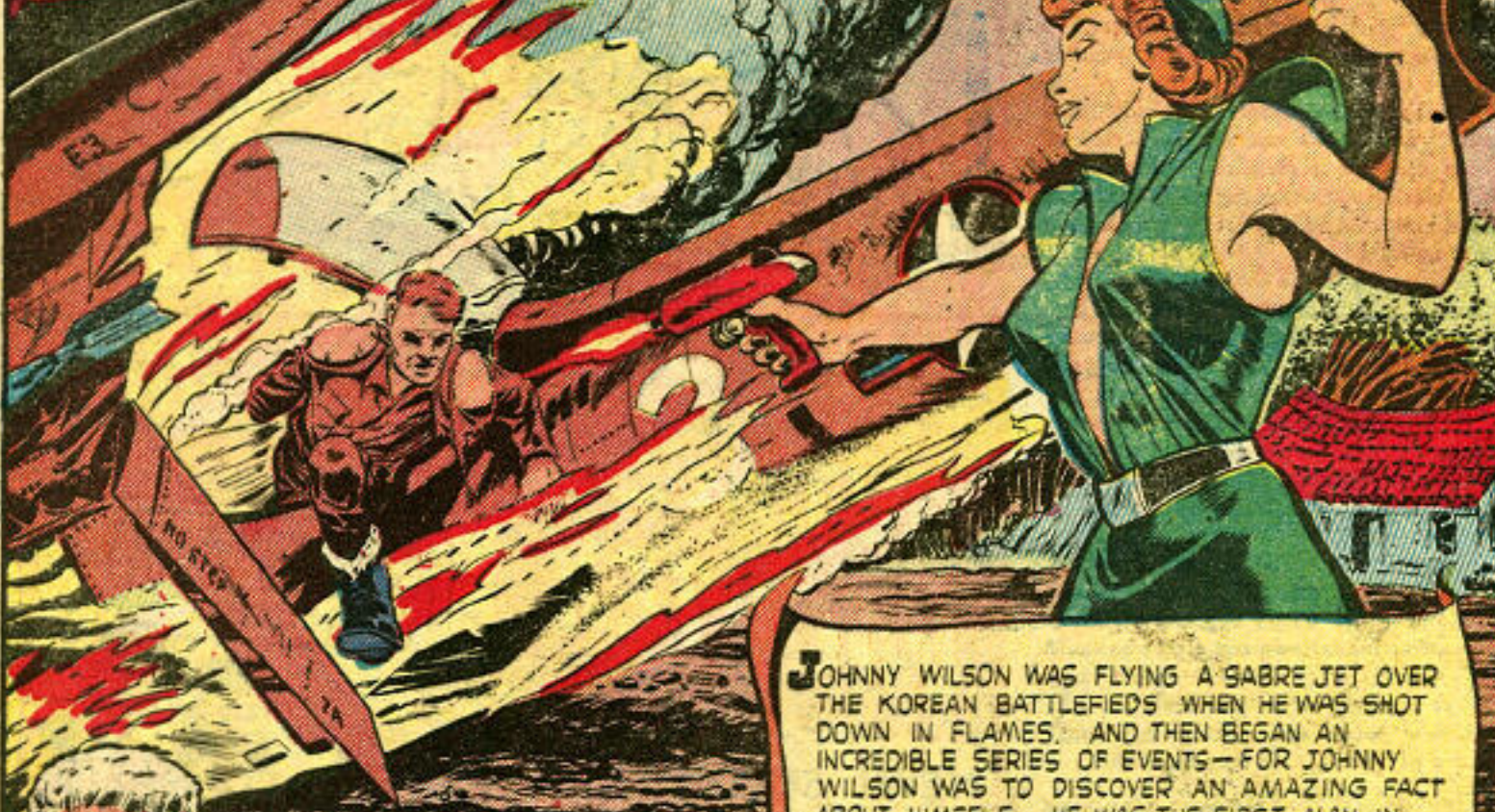


THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK! THEY'RE HERE! ORDER OUT THE PLANES! BOMB THEM WITH FIRE! RAIN THE FIRE-BOMBS DOWN ON THEM!





Jet Powers

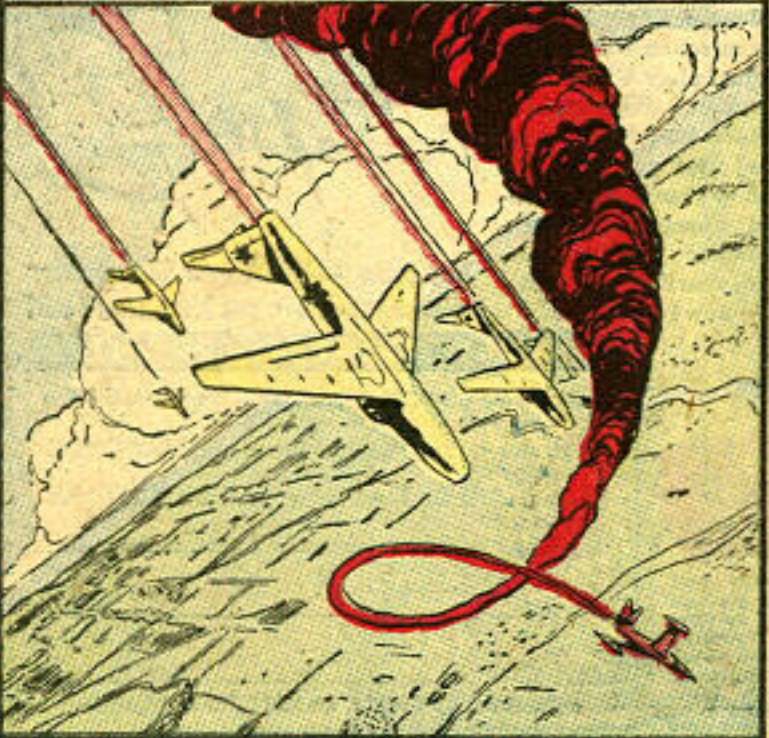


BOYS AND GIRLS, I AM PRESENTING THIS SCIENCE STORY FROM MY SECRET FILES. IF YOU LIKE IT, WRITE IN, AND I WILL TELL YOU A SPACEWAYS SAGA IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JET COMICS!**

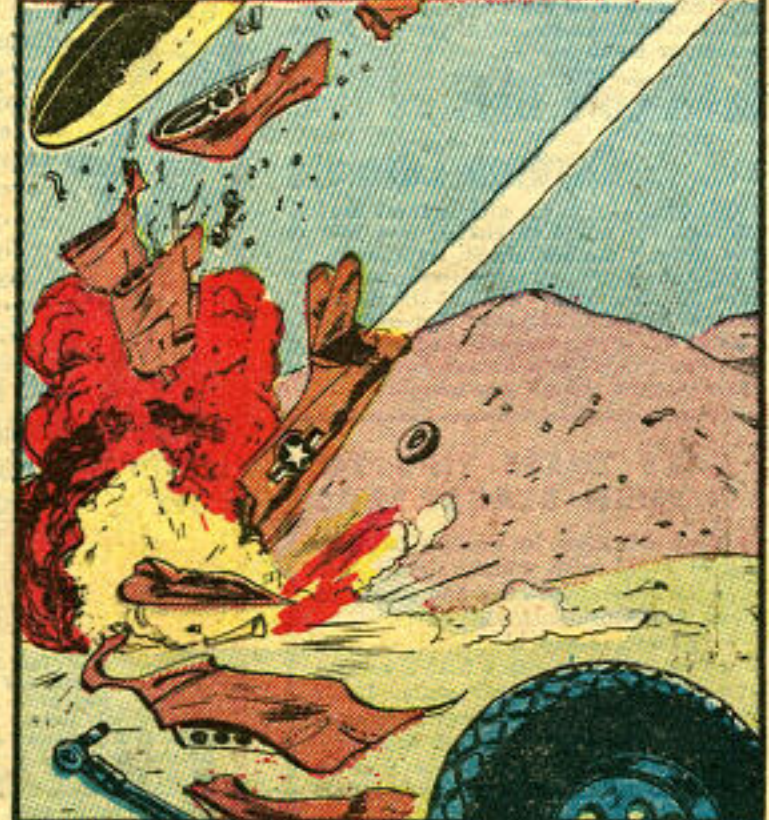
JOHNNY WILSON WAS FLYING A SABRE JET OVER THE KOREAN BATTLEFIELDS WHEN HE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES. AND THEN BEGAN AN INCREDIBLE SERIES OF EVENTS—FOR JOHNNY WILSON WAS TO DISCOVER AN AMAZING FACT ABOUT HIMSELF... HE WAS THE FIRST MAN IN
"THE FIRST MAN IN HISTORY WHO COULD NOT DIE!"

Powell

FIVE RUSSIAN MIGS MADE THE KILL...



THE SABRE JET CRASHED AND EXPLODED...



POOR DEVIL! HE DIDN'T
HAVE A CHANCE! I'LL SEE IF
I CAN GET HIS DOG TAG...

GULP! HE—HE ISN'T DEAD!
HE'S—**ALIVE!** B-B-BUT THAT FALL—
THAT CRASH—THOSE FLAMES AND
THAT EXPLOSION! NO MAN COULD
LIVE THROUGH **THAT!**

YOU OUGHT TO BE BURNED
TO A CINDER! YET YOU—YOU
LOOK ALL R'IGHT. ARE YOU
S-SURE YOU AREN'T DEAD?

DON'T BE SILLY!
DO I **LOOK**
DEAD? I'M AS
HEALTHY AS YOU
ARE!

I DON'T **BELIEVE** ALL THIS, BUT
JUST THE SAME—I'M GETTING YOU TO A
BASE HOSPITAL AT RECORD SPEED!

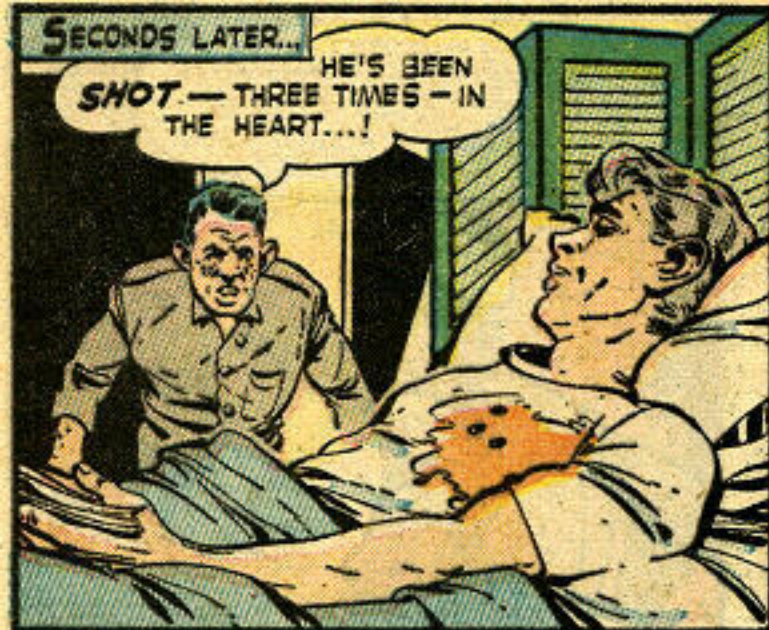
AT THE BASE HOSPITAL, MYRA
TOMKINS, GIRL REPORTER FOR THE CHRONICLE,
SHOWS UNUSUAL INTEREST IN THE CASE
OF CAPTAIN WILSON...

HE WAS SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES!
HIS PLANE EXPLODED! YET HE
WALKED OUT **UNHURT!**—AND
WITH HIS UNIFORM BURNED OFF...!

HE'S STILL ALIVE—BUT
HE WON'T LIVE MUCH
LONGER...!

SECONDS LATER...

HE'S BEEN
SHOT — THREE TIMES — IN
THE HEART...!



COME QUICK!
SOMEBODY GOT IN AND
KILLED JOHNNY WILSON!

WE'LL BE RIGHT
THERE, MAN!



BUT WHEN THE DOCTORS AND NURSES ENTERED JOHNNY WILSON'S ROOM —

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I SAW
HIM — LYING THERE WITH BLOOD
ALL OVER HIM — **DEAD!**

HE ISN'T
DEAD NOW!
BUT THERE
IS BLOOD ALL
OVER HIS PYJAMA
JACKET...!

OH, SOME-
BODY **SHOT**
ME, ALL
RIGHT!



THAT'S **TWICE** I
WAS KILLED, DOC — BUT
I'M NOT DEAD! WHAT'S
WRONG? WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH ME?

IF **YOU** CAN'T
EXPLAIN IT, WILSON
— HOW CAN WE?



IT'S A MIRACLE —
TWO MEDICAL
MIRACLES! CAN'T
YOU THINK OF ANY-
THING THAT CAN BE
AN ANSWER TO
THIS NIGHTMARE?

N...NO! NOT
A THING!

I — I'M **SCARED!**
I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY!
THERE'S NO REASON WHY I
SHOULDN'T BE DEAD! WHAT
COOKS WITH ME ANYHOW?



OUTSIDE JOHNNY WILSON'S ROOM...

WHAT ABOUT THIS
WILSON CHARACTER,
DOCTOR? WHAT HAVE
YOU DECIDED?

WE'RE FLYING
HIM BACK TO THE
STATES, MISS
TOMPKINS — TO
GET THE BEST
MEDICAL OBSERVATION
AND ADVICE IN THE
UNITED STATES!



HERE HE COMES. I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO KILL HIM! I BRIBED PASSAGE ON THE PLANE TO MAKE ONE MORE TRY...

AS THE BIG ARMY PLANE ROARED HIGH ABOVE THE PACIFIC OCEAN...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO DROP ARSENIC IN HIS COFFEE! I'VE ALREADY PUT POTASSIUM CYANIDE—BOTH DEADLY POISONS—IN HIS FOOD!

BUT NEITHER POISON BOTHERED JOHNNY WILSON, AND HE STEPPED FROM THE PLANE AS WELL AS WHEN HE ENTERED IT!

HE **DIDN'T** DIE! NEITHER FIRE NOR BULLET NOR POISON CAN KILL HIM! NOW I'M POSITIVE OF MY EARLY SUSPICION! THAT **ISN'T** JOHNNY WILSON...!

THAT NIGHT, IN A LITTLE HOTEL-ROOM OFF A SAN FRANCISCO THOROUGHFARE...

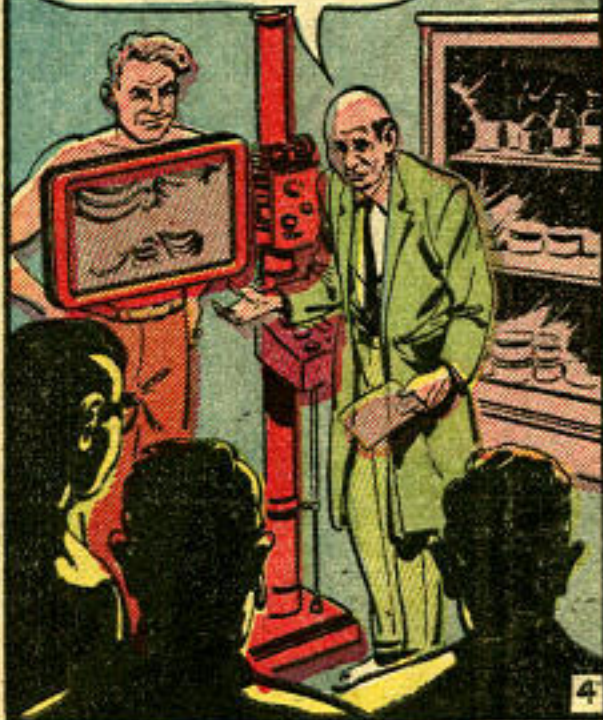
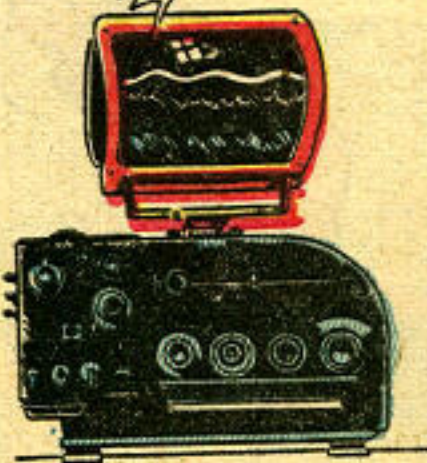
CALLING TANDA SET! MYRA VOICING... MYRA VOICING! COME IN... COME IN...!

AT THE ARMY HOSPITAL IN SAN FRANCISCO...

TANDA SET VOICING! THERE IS NO DOUBT OF HIS IDENTITY, FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME. THAT MEANS THERE IS ONLY **ONE** WAY TO KILL HIM. USE IT—AND WE ARE FOREVER RID OF HIM!

ASTOUNDING, GENTLEMEN! THIS MAN HAS CHEMICAL PROPERTIES IN HIS BODY THAT ALLOWS IT TO THROW OFF ALL TOXIC AGENTS!

TANNIC ACID WAS SECRETED IN HIS PORES TO PROTECT HIM FROM THE HEAT OF THE FLAMES. ACIDS DISSOLVED THE LEAD IN THAT BULLET, AND ENZYMES RESTORED HIS FLESH TO NORMAL HEALTH! HIS BODY ALSO THREW OFF TWO DEADLY POISONS...



OUR CONCLUSION IS INESCAPABLE! THIS MAN IS A STEP HIGHER FOR MANKIND IN THE EVOLUTIONARY SCALE! JOHN WILSON IS WHAT A MAN OF THE FUTURE SHALL BE — SOME THOUSANDS OF YEARS FROM NOW!

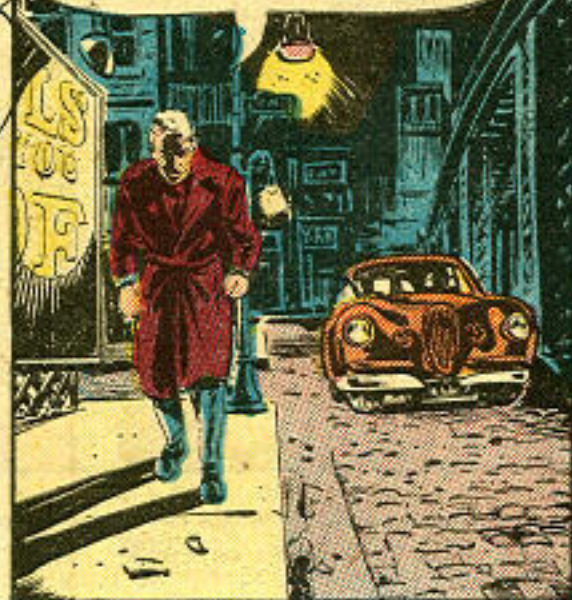
A MAN OF THE FUTURE... ME?

SUDDENLY JOHNNY WILSON'S FACE TWISTED WITH THE AGONY OF LOST MEMORY...

A MAN FROM THE FUTURE — YES! BUT WHAT AM I DOING HERE — IN THE PAST? IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER! SOME TERRIBLE DANGER THREATENING THE EARTH! I CAN'T RECALL... HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO STOP IT...!

DAZED, HE WANDERED OUT INTO THE NIGHT, NOT NOTICING THE CAR THAT HAD TRAILED HIS FOOTSTEPS...

I'VE GOT TO GO SOMEWHERE... BE ALONE... LOCK MYSELF IN A ROOM AND TRY TO REMEMBER...!



GOT HIM!

WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS CONSCIOUSNESS, JOHNNY WILSON WAS TIED TO CHAIR IN AN ABANDONED CELLAR...

THAT BLOW ON MY HEAD WITH A BLACKJACK... I REMEMBER NOW! MY REAL NAME IS GAR SAN! I'M A MEMBER OF SPACE PATROL —

THAT'S RIGHT. AND I'M MYRZA, A WANTED CRIMINAL. YOU CAME HERE INTO THE PAST TO CAPTURE ME AND TANDA SET! WE'RE ALL FROM THE YEAR 4579.



GAR SAN REMEMBERED — HE HAD FLASHED OUT OF THE FUTURE, TRAVELLING AT THREE HUNDRED SPACE-TIME VECTORS A SECOND, AND ROCKETED INTO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, ENGINES OUT OF CONTROL —

TURNING GEARS LOCKED! I'M GOING TO HIT THAT PLANE —!



WHEN GAR SAN OPENED HIS EYES, HE WAS ALIVE — BUT HE HAD FORGOTTEN EVERYTHING!

I... CAN'T REMEMBER A THING! THIS WALLET AND IDENTIFICATION TAG — WITH THE NAME JOHN WILSON ON IT — MUST BE MINE...!





THANKS TO THEIR INDOCTRINATION, I ACTUALLY THOUGHT I WAS POOR JOHNNY WILSON—UNTIL THAT THUG YOU HIRED CONKED ME OVER THE HEAD!



THERE ON THE WINDSWEEPED SLOPE OF A PACIFIC COAST MOUNTAIN, A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO COULD NOT BE BORN FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS STRUGGLED SAVAGELY, WITH THE FATE OF THE WORLD IN THE BALANCE!

IT'S NO USE, MYRZA! WHERE'S TANDA SET?

I'LL NEVER TELL YOU— NEVER!

AND AS THEY FOUGHT, GAR SAN'S EYES BLAZED BRIGHTLY— HYPNOTICALLY!

I KNOW YOU AND TANDA SET CAME INTO THE PAST TO TRY TO CONQUER THE WORLD WITH YOUR GREAT WISDOM OF THE FUTURE! SPEAK! WHERE IS TANDA SET?

YOUR EYES! THEY MAKE ME WEAK... DIZZY... LOOSEN MY TONGUE...

AS IF DRUGGED, MYRZA CRUMPLES WEAKLY. HER VOICE IS WRACKED WITH SOBS...

SOB HE'S IN—RUSSIA! AT A PALACE CALLED— THE KREMLIN! SOB



I WILL—LEAD YOU— TO OUR SPACE-AND-TIME CRAFT!

WE'LL VISIT TANDA SET, RIGHT NOW!



FOR MANY WEEKS, RADIOS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN WERE TO BLARE ABOUT THE STRANGE "FLYING SAUCER" THAT SWOOPED DOWN TO HANG IN BLUE FIRE ABOVE THE KREMLIN...

WHAT IS IT?

SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING TO HAPPEN!

MAYBE SOMETHING GOOD WILL HAPPEN FOR A CHANGE!

DEEP WITHIN THE KREMLIN'S WALLS—

CLEVER OF YOU, TANDA SET! POSING AS A MAN WHO RULES MILLIONS OF PEOPLE, WHOSE WORD CAN BRING PEACE OR WAR! WHEN I TAKE YOU TO THE FUTURE, THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD WILL FIND PEACE— WITHOUT YOU...!

AND SO, WHILE ALL THE WORLD WONDERED AT THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE KREMLIN'S RULER, GAR SAN ROCKETED INTO THE FUTURE, LEAVING BEHIND HIM A WORLD THAT WAS TO ACHIEVE AN EVERLASTING PEACE— THANKS TO THE MAN WHO COULD NOT DIE!



Space Ace

THE GIRL COMES FLOATING THROUGH SPACE, DRIFTING HELPLESSLY, FOR IN SPACE THERE IS NO UP OR DOWN...

BY THE RINGS OF SATURN!
I CAME OUT HERE TO HUNT
FOR A MAN AND INSTEAD I
FIND —A GIRL!

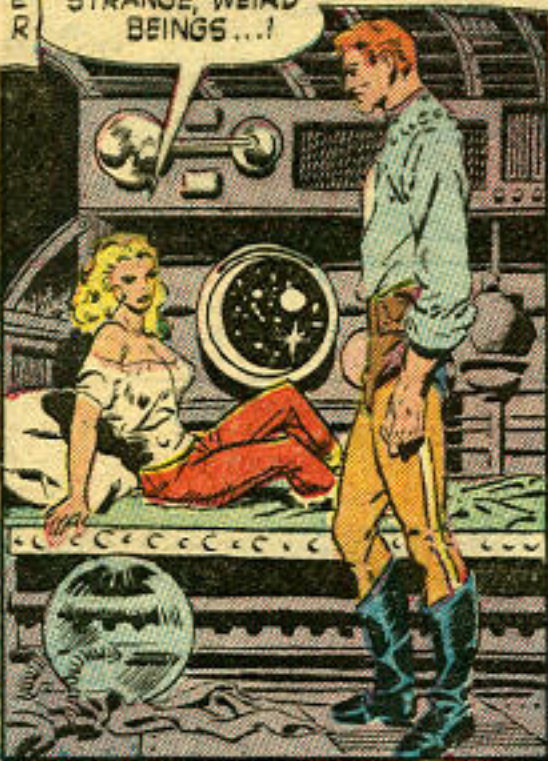
WHERE IN THE NAME
OF JUPITER'S NINE
MOONS DID SHE COME
FROM?

FAR OUT IN THE COLD REACHES OF SPACE,
WHERE ONLY WHIRLING METEORS AND AN
OCCASIONAL SPACESHIP MOVE, SPACE ACE
MEETS A DRIFTING DERELICT AND A GIRL—
AND FINDS HIMSELF CONFRONTED WITH—

"Death in Deep Space!"

L
A
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I-I-WAS IN A SHIP... BOUND FOR PLUTO! WE WERE HALTED BY MAGNETIC GRAPPLES... INVADED AND OVERCOME BY STRANGE, WEIRD BEINGS...!



I WENT DOWN THE EMERGENCY CORRIDOR, PUT ON A SPACESUIT, AND LEAPED OUT THE HATCHPORT—

I'D RATHER FREEZE IN SPACE THAN BE TAKEN BY THOSE THINGS!



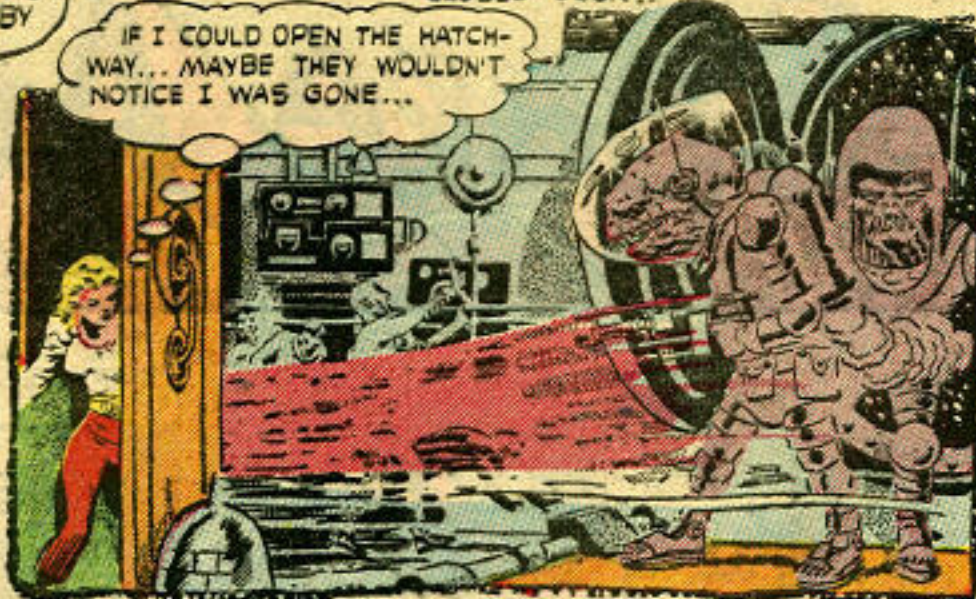
THERE'S MY VESSEL— THE STARMIST!

I'LL GRAPPLE HER, AND WE'LL GO ABOARD...



"THEY DID NOT SEE ME—I HID BEHIND A PARTLY CLOSED DOOR..."

IF I COULD OPEN THE HATCHWAY... MAYBE THEY WOULDN'T NOTICE I WAS GONE...



WHAT WERE THEY AFTER?

I-I'M NOT SURE... BUT I THINK THEY WANTED TO CAPTURE HUMANS AND STUDY THEM FOR THEIR BRAINS. THEY SAID THEY'D CAPTURED COMMANDER BENTON THORPE, TOO...



BENTON THORPE! HE'S THE MAN I CAME OUT INTO SPACE TO FIND! THERE'S A FIFTY THOUSAND CREDIT REWARD FOR HIM! HE'S THE GREATEST SCIENTIST IN ALL THE SOLAR SYSTEM!



EVERYONE— GONE!

THE ALIENS TOOK 'EM, I GUESS. BUT WAIT— LOOK!



A SPACE MAP—MARKED WITH A SILVER STAR ON SATURN'S LARGEST MOON, TITAN! **THAT'S** WHERE THEIR HIDEOUT IS!

TITAN, LARGEST OF RINGED SATURN'S NINE MOONS, IS THE ONLY ONE WITH AN ATMOSPHERE. ITS DIAMETER IS 3300 MILES...

WEARING GRAVITY BELTS, SPACE ACE AND DALLA MAY HURTLE HIGH ABOVE THE CRAG-MARRED SURFACE...

DOWN THERE — THE ALIENS' BASE! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM!

WE'LL LAND ON DARKSIDE SO AS NOT TO BE SEEN!

WE'LL FIND A VANTAGE POINT, AND SPY ON THEM!

YOU'LL DO NO MORE SPYING, SPACE ACE—ON ANYONE!

HA, HA, HA! YOU POOR, SILLY FOOL! YOU REALLY BELIEVED THAT STORY I MADE UP, DIDN'T YOU? HA! HA!

IT WAS A **TRAP**, SPACE ACE! A TRAP TO CATCH YOU ALIVE — AND IT WORKED... **OWWW!**

OUT OF THE DEAD SILENCE OF THE FROZEN MOON, A PARALYSI-RAY SIZZLES, LIKE FAT FRYING ON A GRIDDLE! SPACE-ACE STIFFENS TO AGONIZED RIGIDITY...

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU, DALLA, BUT —

NICE WORK, DALLA! I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

FLOR!

SPACE ACE—IN MY POWER AT LAST!
NOW HE'LL WISH HE'D NEVER CHEATED
ME OF THE VALARS' INDESTRUCTIBLE
WEAPON! O

IN CHAINS, SPACE ACE IS
DRAGGED TOWARD THE SLEEK
METAL WALLS OF THE SPACE
PIRATE'S HIDEOUT...

SPACE ACE, CLEVEREST THIEF
IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM—MY
SLAVE! I'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY
TRICKS ON FLOR, YOU STUPID
FOOL!

SEE
JET
#3

HER FACE, A MASK OF FROZEN FURY, FLOR
LASHES OUT WITH A SYMANTHUS-HIDE WHIP,
AGAIN AND AGAIN...

TRICK ME, WILL YOU?
CHEAT ME OF A MILLION
CREDITS? TAKE THAT...
AND... THAT...

HALF ALIVE, SPACE ACE IS TOSSED INTO A DUNGEON
CELL...

ROT IN THERE, BLAST
YOUR SPACE-POCKED
HIDE!

POOR DEVIL! FLOR TREATED YOU A LOT WORSE
THAN SHE DID ME! SHE ONLY *STARVES*
ME...

GUESS I GOT FLOR MAD
BY BEING A LITTLE TOO
SMART FOR HER! BUT IF
SHE THINKS I'M STAYING
HERE—SHE'D BETTER
THINK AGAIN!

NO MAN IS SMARTER THAN
FLOR! THERE IS NO ESCAPE
FROM THESE DUNGEONS! I
OUGHT TO KNOW. I'VE
BEEN HERE OVER A YEAR,
EVER SINCE FLOR KID-
NAPPED ME BY A
CLEVER RUSE. MY NAME
IS BENTON THORPE!

BENTON THORPE!
YOU'RE THE MAN I CAME
INTO SPACE TO FIND. WHAT
A JOKE—TO FIND YOU IN
THE SAME CELL AS I AM—
A FELLOW-
PRISONER!

NO USE TRYING
TO PICK THAT
LOCK. IT'S
ELECTRICALLY
CONTROLLED!

ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED? IN THAT
CASE, WE'LL HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING
LIKE THIS HOMEMADE MOTOR... MADE
OF WIRE TAKEN FROM MY ELECTRIC
SPACEPANTS... FASTENERS AND
TACKS FROM MY BELT-KIT...

THERE WE ARE! A TINY ELECTRIC
MOTOR. IT ISN'T POWERFUL AND
IT WON'T LAST LONG—BUT IT'LL
DO THE JOB!

WHAT
JOB?

THIS HOMEMADE JOB OUGHT
TO BE STRONG ENOUGH TO SHORT-
CIRCUIT THE WIRING—THERE!
IT'S WORKING!

THE
DOOR—
OPENING...!

THE WIRES OVERLOADED—THE
FUSES BLEW—THE ELECTRIC LOCK
FAILED TO STAY SHUT—AND PRESTO!
WE'RE FREE!

BUT—WHERE
DO WE GO
FROM HERE?

WE'RE GOING TO THE ONE PLACE
WHERE FLOR WOULD NEVER THINK
OF LOOKING FOR US!

WE'RE GOING TO BE THE ELECTRICIANS
WHO ARE GOING TO FIX THAT SHORT
CIRCUIT! GRAB YOURSELF A COSTUME,
THORPE!

HERE WE ARE — IN THE MAIN PLANT OF THE PIRATE HIDEOUT! EVERYTHING THAT RUNS IN THIS PLACE WORKS BECAUSE OF THESE ENGINES AND DYNAMOS, THAT ARE FED ON SOLAR POWER!

WE'LL JUST KEEP A TRUMP CARD UP OUR SLEEVE BY MAKING AN ADJUSTMENT OR TWO ON THESE PIPES... AND ATTACH THESE CONTAINERS OF NITROUS OXIDE...

HOLD, YOU TWO MEN! ADVANCE TO BE RECOGNIZED!

TWO PRISONERS HAVE ESCAPED! WHERE ARE YOUR IDENTIFICATIONS?

WE CAN'T BLUFF THEM, THORPE, SO —

JUMP 'EM!

SOUND THE ALARM —
OOOPS!

LIKE A PLUTONIAN TIGERCAT, SPACE ACE ROCKETS FORWARD! HIS FISTS ARE LIKE HAMMERS, DEALING OUT PUNISHMENT —

THE DOORWAY DARKENS! FLOR SMILES TRIUMPHANTLY...

SPACE ACE — AND BENTON THORPE! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ESCAPE! BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD!

YOU FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE! GIVE UP NOW—OR I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO MY TORTURERS!

CATCH ME FIRST!

WHEWWWW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT IT'S TIME TO PLAY MY LITTLE TRUMP CARD...!

SUDDENLY, AS FLOR LIFTS HER RAYGUN TO BLAST SPACE ACE OUT OF EXISTENCE, HER FACE TWISTS CURIOUSLY...AND SHE GIGGLES!

TEE-HEE! TEE-HEE!

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

THEY'VE ALL GONE CRAZY!

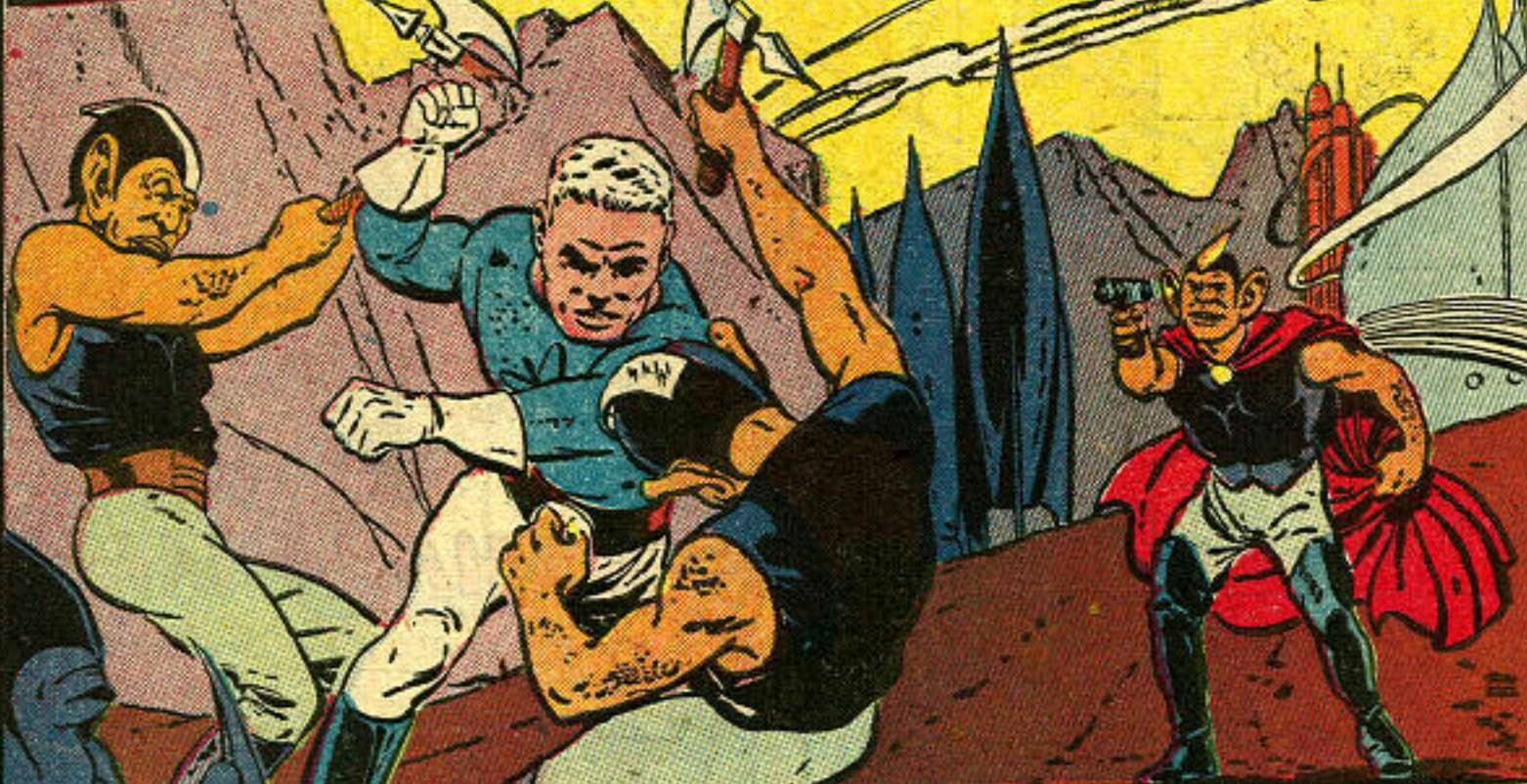
NOT CRAZY, THORPE! I ATTACHED A FEW CANS OF NITROUS OXIDE TO THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT! A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED—BUT EFFECTIVE!

AND SO SPACE ACE TURNS CERTAIN DEFEAT INTO VICTORY, AND RETURNS WITH THE MAN WHO MEANS WEALTH AND FREEDOM FOR HIM...

BECAUSE NITROUS OXIDE IS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN—LAUGHING GAS!

YOU'LL GET NOT ONLY FIFTY THOUSAND CREDITS—BUT A FULL PARDON FOR ANY AND ALL CRIMES YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE COMMITTED!

Jet Powers



HAVING AIDED SESSILE, QUEEN OF MARS, IN HER FIGHT AGAINST THE INVADERS FROM VENUS, JET POWERS MAKES HIMSELF A MORTAL ENEMY OF THE EVIL COUNT BRULA — WHO, TO SATISFY HIS HATRED OF JET, UNLEASHES THE HORROR OF AN ALIEN WORLD ON THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM WHEN HE SACRIFICES JET TO THE RAVENING FURY OF —

"The Fleets of Fear!"

SEE JET ISSUE #3

COUNT BRULA IS A ROYAL MARTIAN, GREEDY AND AMBITIOUS. THE THOUGHT OF RULING MARS HAS BECOME ALMOST AN OBSESSION WITH HIM...

QUEEN SESSILE —
ALONE...!



SESSILE, MY QUEEN! WHY
STAY WITH THAT OLD FOOL,
BEN JAL? BE MY BRIDE!
TOGETHER WE CAN RULE
MARS —

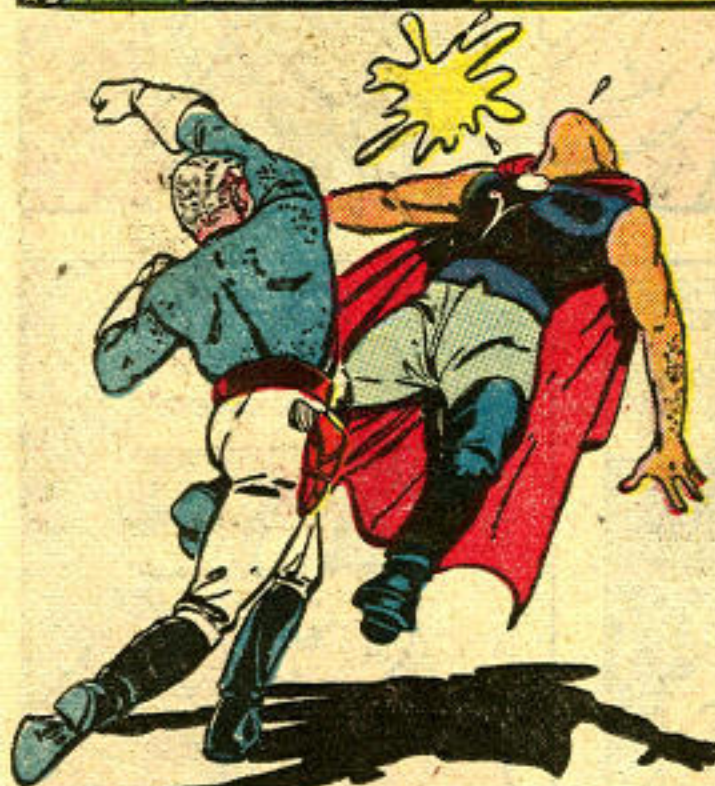
BRULA,
YOU MADMAN,
LET ME
GO...!



BEN TAL WILL LEAVE
YOU WIDOW IF I SLIP
A DAGGER BETWEEN
HIS RIBS! THEN
YOU AND I—

BRULA—!
AND SESSILE
FIGHTS HIM...!

YOU FILTHY HOUND!



I WON'T FORGET
THIS, JET POWERS!

DON'T FORGET
IT— BUT GET
OUT!



SOB! HE WANTED TO KILL
BEN TAL AND WED ME, TO
BECOME RULER OF MARS!
SOB! AND HE PRETENDS
TO BE SUCH A FRIEND OF
BEN TAL'S!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE
SHADOWS OF A NEARBY ARCH...

SESSILE—AND JET
POWERS! HE HOLDS
HER IN HIS ARMS! I—
I NEVER THOUGHT...

HIS CHEST, HEAVING WITH JEALOUS
FURY, THE MARTIAN KING STALKS
INTO COUNT BRULA'S CHAMBERS...

BRULA! JET POWERS HAS OVER-
STAYED HIS WELCOME! HE MUST
GO BACK TO EARTH! KIDNAP
HIM! PUT HIM IN HIS SHIP
AND SEND HIM OFF! IF HE
HADN'T DEFEATED THE
VENUSIANS FOR US, I'D
HAVE HIM KILLED!

YES,
SIRE...



THAT NIGHT, AS MAR'S
TWO MOONS HURTLES
ACROSS THE SKY—

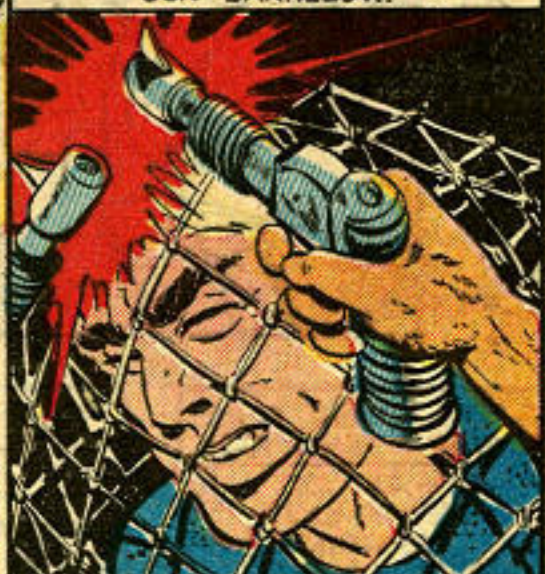
HE COMES!
READY, NOW!



FINE WORK! WE'VE GOT
HIM RIGHT WHERE WE WANT
HIM! HE'LL NEVER GO BACK
TO EARTH! BEN TAL SAID NOT
TO HARM HIM—BUT I HAVE
OTHER IDEAS...!



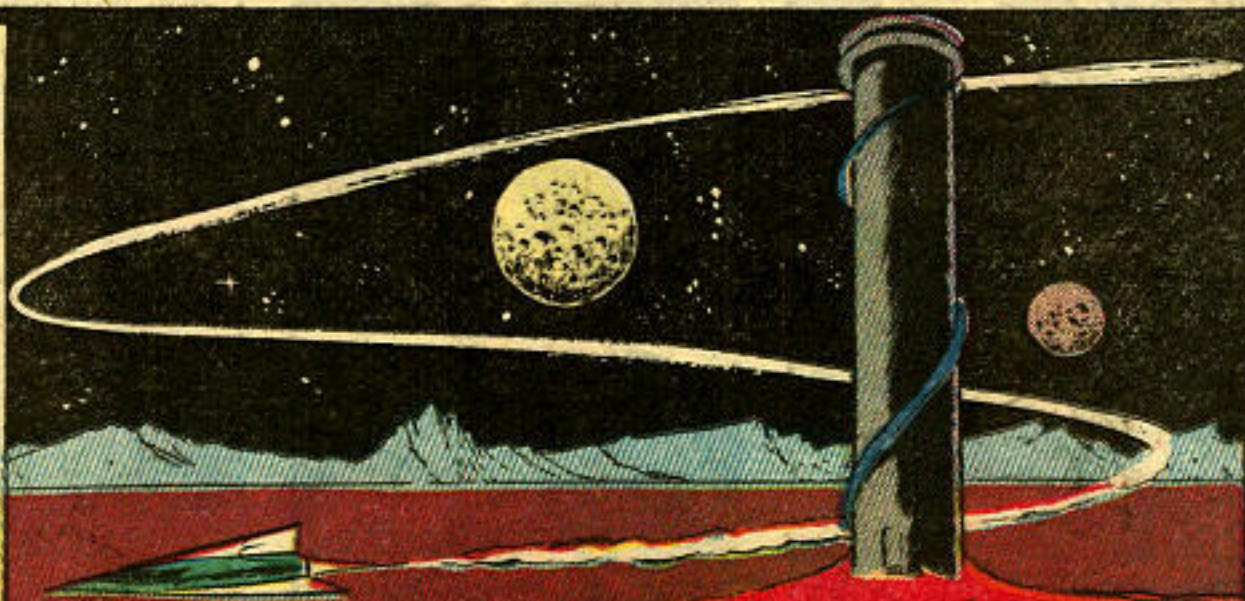
FOR A FEW MOMENTS, JET FIGHTS
WITH THE FURY OF A TRAPPED
TIGER! THEN, TWISTED AND
TANGLED IN THE NET, HE GOES
DOWN UNDER TWO SLAMMING RAY-
GUN BARRELS...



I'LL SEND HIM OFF, ALL
RIGHT—BUT NOT TO THE
EARTH! HE'LL NEVER COME
BACK FROM...
THE BLACK TOWER!



FOR UNCOUNTED
AGES, THE TALL
BLACK TOWER,
THRUSTING UP-
WARD FROM
THE RED SANDS
OF THE MARTIAN
DESERT HAS
PUZZLED THE
PEOPLE OF
MARS. IT HAS
BEEN HERE
SINCE THE
MEMORY OF THEIR
FIRST ANCESTOR!
NOTHING CAN LIVE
WITHIN MILES OF
IT. ALL WHO
ENTER—DIE!



IN FEAR AND AWE COUNT BRULA'S HIRED KILLERS THRUST JET'S LIMP BODY THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR— THEN RUN!

WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES, OR THAT TOWER'LL KILL US JUST LIKE IT'S GOING TO KILL HIM!

SAVE YOUR BREATH! JUST— RUN!

SLOWLY, JET OPENS DAZED EYES. HE STARES AROUND HIM AT STRANGE ARCHITECTURE, AT ALIEN SYMBOLS...

WHERE IN THE NAME OF COMMON SENSE AM I? I'VE NEVER SEEN STUFF LIKE THIS BEFORE!

I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO BE DEAD. I VAGUELY REMEMBER BRULA MAKING THREATS ABOUT A BLACK TOWER— BUT I FEEL FINE...

HMMM... BANKS OF MAGNETIC RELAYS AND CONDENSERS, OPERATING FROM A SERIES OF LINKED GENERATORS, GIVING OFF SUBSONIC MICROWAVES— FUNNY! THEY MAKE MY SKIN TINGLE, BUT THEY DON'T HURT ME! YET THE MARTIANS OBVIOUSLY WERE TERRIFIED! WHY?

HUH! NO WONDER! THIS RAY-GENERATOR IS GEARED TO KILL MARTIANS ONLY. SINCE MY BODILY GRAVITY, MUSCULAR STRENGTH AND LUNG POWER IS GREATLY DIFFERENT FROM THEIRS, BECAUSE I'M FROM THE EARTH, IT DOESN'T HARM ME AT ALL!

NOW WHAT'S THIS? THEY LOOK LIKE DIORAMIC WINDOWS OF AN EARTH MUSEUM!

WITH THUDDING HEART, JET WANDERS FROM WINDOW TO WINDOW...

THIS SHOWS AN ALIEN PLANET, FAR OUT IN SPACE! AND I THINK THE PEOPLE OF THAT PLANET, BUILT THIS TOWER EONS AGO—FORGOT IT WHEN SOME CATASTROPHE HAPPENED— THEN REDISCOVERED IT RECENTLY! NOW THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK!

MARS WON'T STAND A CHANCE, IF THESE WINDOWS ARE ANY INDICATION OF THE ALIEN'S SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES! THEY HAVE WEAPONS AND INVENTIONS MARS AND EARTH HAVEN'T EVEN DREAMED OF YET!



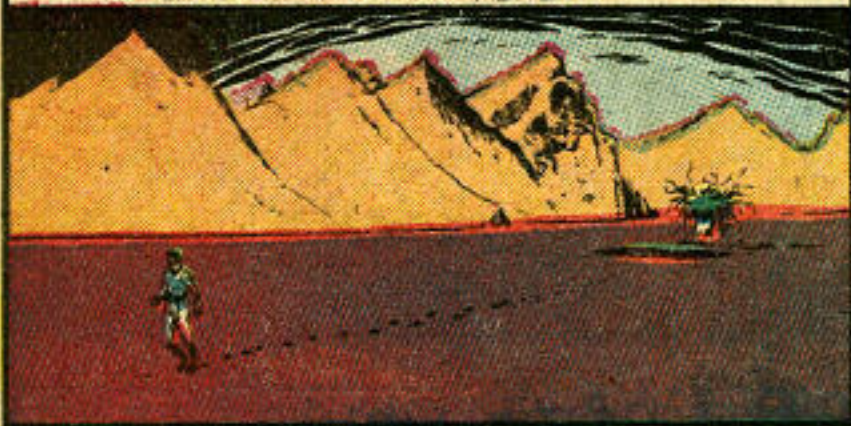
THIS DEATH-RAY GENERATOR, FOR INSTANCE! IT'S GEARED TO KILL PEOPLE ON EARTH AS WELL AS MARTIANS! AND THIS IS JUST ONE OF THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS!



BUT KNOWING ALL THAT WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD IF I CAN'T GET BACK IN TIME TO WARN SESSILE AND BEN TAL!



FOR DAYS JET MOVES ACROSS THE WINDSWEEP RED DESERTS OF ANCIENT MARS. HERE AND THERE A TINY WATERHOLE KEEPS HIM ALIVE...



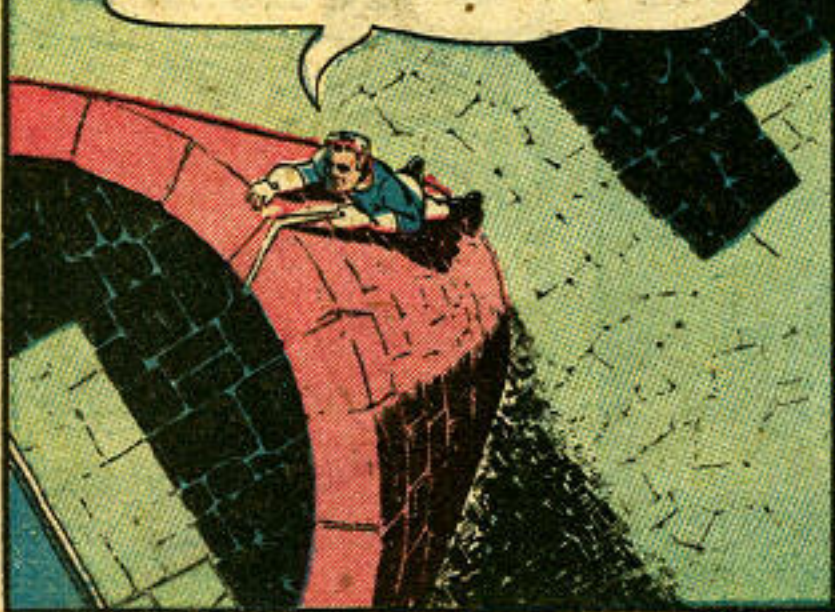
HE FINDS AND REPAIRS AN ABANDONED SAND-CAR...

I'LL MAKE GOOD TIME IN THIS!



AND AS PHOBOS AND DEIMOS, THE MOONS OF MARS, THROW A PALE RADIANCE OVER THE DARK TOWERS OF HA'ARBA...

DON'T WANT BRULA TO SEE ME—YET! I'LL CLIMB UP TO SESSILE'S TOWER ROOMS. SHE'LL GIVE ME AN AUTHORIZATION TO PREPARE A SPACE FLEET TO FIGHT THOSE ALIENS!



JET!... BUT-BUT BEN TAL SAID YOU'D RETURNED TO EARTH!

COUNT BRULA KNOCKED ME OUT AND THREW ME IN THE BLACK TOWER. BUT NEVER MIND THAT—AN ALIEN FLEET IS COMING ACROSS THE VOIDS OF SPACE—EVEN NOW—TO ATTACK THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM!



AFTER JET INFORMS SESSILE OF THE APPROACHING INVASION FLEET...

IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING—AND DO IT FAST—WE'RE FINISHED!

HERE, TAKE THIS TO THE SPACEDOCK YARDS! IT GIVES YOU POWER TO TAKE OVER AND TO REFIT AND REARM EVERY SPACESHIP ON MARS!

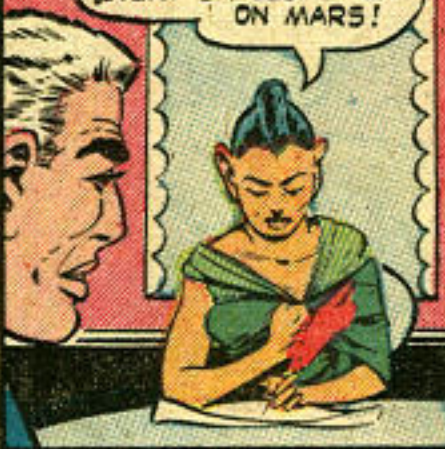
OUTFIT EVERY SPACESHIP MARS CAN PUT INTO THE AIR! IS THERE ANY HOPE AT ALL?

THERE'S HOPE—IF I CAN GET THOSE SHIPS!

JET POWERS ALIVE? WHY DIDN'T THE BLACK TOWER KILL HIM?

SIRE—JET POWERS HAS RETURNED! EVEN NOW I SAW HIM COMING OUT OF THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS!

WHAT?



I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT, BUT JET POWERS MUST DIE! THIS AFFAIR BETWEEN HIM AND SESSILE HAS TO BE STOPPED! I'LL SIGN HIS DEATH SENTENCE!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO CARRY IT OUT, SIR!



FOR SOME DAYS, COUNT BRULA AND THE PALACE GUARDS SEARCH ALL MARS, WHILE JET BURIES HIMSELF IN A LITTLE ROOM IN MARS' LARGEST SPACEDOCK...

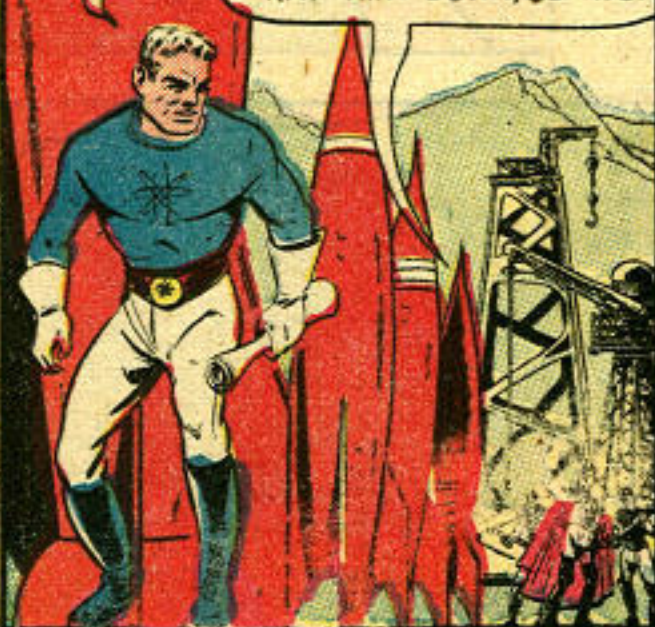
TAKE THE MATERIAL INTO THE SHIPS. HURRY IT! WE HAVE SO LITTLE TIME...!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



BRULA!

I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST, YOU HELL-HOUND! RAY HIM DOWN, GUARDS!



SEEING THAT COUNT BRULA'S INSANE HATE WILL WRECK THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM FROM MERCURY TO PLUTO, JET LEAPS UPWARD, CRYING OUT HARSHLY—

TAKE OFF! SKELETON CREWS LOCK AIR VALVES! TAKE OFF AT ONCE!



GOT TO GET FREE OF 'EM!
IF I DON'T—GETTING THOSE
SHIPS UP INTO SPACE WON'T
DO ANY GOOD!

AS JET BATTLES, SHIP AFTER
SHIP RISES UPWARD INTO
SPACE...

I DON'T LIKE TO
KICK A MAN IN THE
FACE—

—BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH
DEPENDING ON STOPPING THAT
ALIEN FLEET TO STOP AT NICETIES!

GOOD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD, SIR—
BUT WE CAN'T BEAT A FLEET OF
BIRDS WITHOUT WEAPONS!
AND WE TOOK OFF
WITHOUT EVEN A
RAYGUN!

I KNOW THAT,
FORS MAK!

YOU'RE A GREAT
SCIENTIST, JET
POWERS—BUT
HOW CAN YOU
FIGHT A FLEET
WITHOUT GUNS?

THE
ANSWER TO
THAT IS
SIMPLE...
**YOU
CAN'T!**

BUT JUST THE SAME,
I'M GOING TO GIVE THE
ORDER NOW TO—
ATTACK!

I GIVE
UP! YOU
MUST
HAVE BEEN
BITTEN BY A
MAD DORTEL!

OUT INTO SPACE,
WITHOUT WEAPONS,
HURTLES THE
PITIFUL LITTLE
FLEET OF
MARTIAN SPACE-
SHIPS, TO MEET
AN ENEMY
EQUIPPED TO
CONQUER
AN ENTIRE SOLAR
SYSTEM
WITHOUT LOSING
A MAN!

SOMWHERE BEYOND THE ASTEROID BELT, THAT LIES BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, THE ENEMY FLEET COMES INTO VIEW!

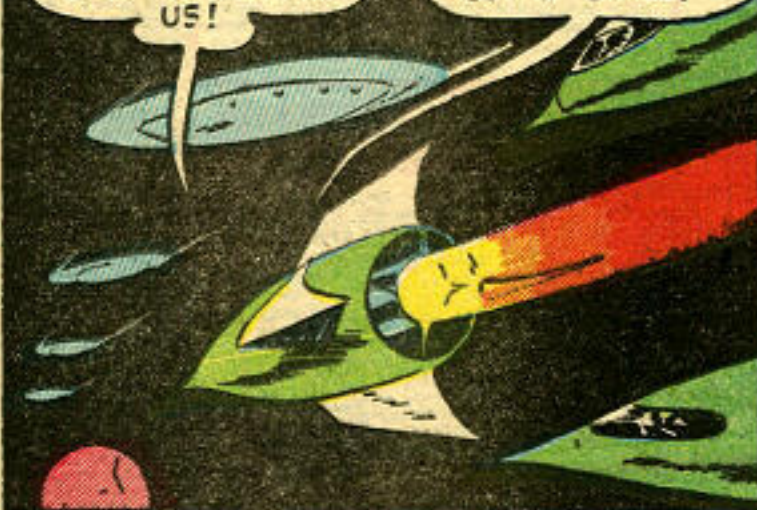
TURN AROUND! FLEE BACK TO MARS—AT HALF SPEED!



AT INCONCEIVABLE SPEED, THE ALIEN FLEET OVERTAKES THE LUMBERING MARTIAN SPACESHIPS...

THEY'RE GOING SO FAST THEY CAN'T STOP TO FIRE AT US!

BUT THEY'LL TURN AROUND AND WIPE US OUT OF SPACE!



WE'RE RUNNING AWAY!

SURE! YOU SAID YOURSELF THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS! STILL, I'M GIVING ORDERS TO EVERY SHIP COMMANDER TO THROW ON HIS RADAR RAY!



LOOK! THEY'RE CRASHING INTO EACH OTHER! THEY'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

SURE! THERE'S NOT A LIVING PERSON ON ANY ONE OF THEIR SHIPS! WE'VE KILLED THEM ALL!



HOURS LATER, AS A DAZED, STUNNED FORS MAK ACCOMPANIES JET ONTO A CAPTURED ALIEN SHIP...

I'M DREAMING! THIS COULDN'T HAPPEN!

IT WAS SIMPLE. I MERELY DUPLICATED THE DEATH RAYS THEY HAVE IN THE BLACK TOWER...!



I CALCULATED THEIR SPECIFIC GRAVITIES FROM THE DIORAMIC WINDOWS IN THE TOWER, AND SET MY RAY GUAGES TO EMIT AN IMPULSE AT A RATE FATAL TO *THEM*! THEY NEVER SUSPECTED A THING. NO *MARTIAN* COULD ENTER THEIR TOWER AND LIVE. ONLY A MAN FROM *EARTH* COULD DO THAT. LUCKILY, I WAS STILL ON MARS...



AFTER JET HAS LANDED, AND HE AND SESSILE HAVE EXPLAINED TO BEN TAL...

COUNT BRULA DIES AT DAWN UNDER THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE! WHAT MORE CAN I SAY? I'VE BEEN A FOOL!

I LOVE ONLY YOU, BEN TAL! YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT!

HE KNOWS IT NOW, SESSILE!



The End

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No. 5



SPACE ACE

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